

ROAD RECORD BROKEN

Fast Time Over the Farmington Course.

RACE UNDER DIFFICULTY

ENSIGN WINS TIME AND SMITH FIRST PRIZE.

Was An Off Day For Scratch Men, Only Two Making the Entire Ride—Unwieldy Crowd at Calder's Interferes With the Racing—Terrible Swede Easily Wins.

With an adverse headwind, a course left rough and with pools and puddles of mud to contend with, the riders in the fifth annual Farmington road race yesterday put up an exhibition which for grit, determination and pluck has never been equalled in the history of road racing in the state. Not one of the 500 spectators, who enthusiastically cheered the struggling riders over the course from the observation train and saw them dash through the mud and



ROAD RACE FINISH AND THE WINNER.

water and riding the side paths and scrambling on again without loss of time, and rounded into Second West, with Nightingale in the lead.

Heagren and Evans were the only two starters from the four-minute mark, and Heagren placed his companion out over the Warm Springs hill.

Rigby, the Centerville man, led the three-minute riders away, and the two-minute man came up to the tape and was sent off in good shape. Crown slipped in the mud fifty feet from the tape and fell, but rapidly mounted and caught the bunch before they had reached the hospital.

One Minute Men Start.

The crowd was much interested in the one-minute men, who came next, for it was expected that the winner of the time prize would be among this crowd or the scratch men. John Ensign, with Will Samuelson and G. Thiriot, the two Provo riders, were the one-minute riders, and they jumped the gun like riders in a quarter-mile track race. As the scratch men lined up the crowd made a rush for good seats on the observation train, which was standing in readiness, and as the starter's gun gave the signal which sent Lucas, Hywater, Lawver and Cutting on their way, the engine gave warning whistles and with a clanging of bells and hissing of steam the train pulled out to overtake the racers, the last of which were just disappearing over the Warm Springs hill.

The scratch men were overtaken just as they were entering the long cut on the other side of White's, and as they emerged on the other side the train was just abreast of them. Lawver was in the lead and setting a killing pace, but the others, with the exception of Cutting, were holding on in good shape. The latter had received a puncture, and was steadily losing, and it could be seen that he was in distress. Lawver suddenly slackened up and refused to set the pace, and for a moment or two they were all together, but Lawver, who was to whom should set the pace, but this lasted only for a moment, and

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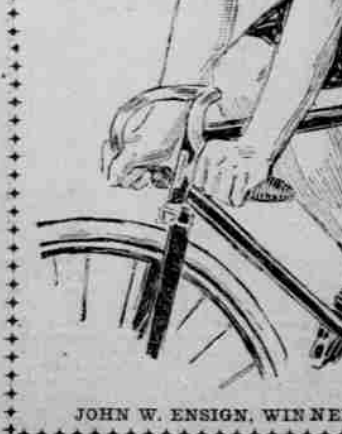
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Return to the City.

The train returned to the city immediately after the finish of the race, and all the riders had stories to tell of their experiences. Frank Smith, the winner, stated that he and Luker were together from start to finish, but slipped modestly that Luker had done most of the pacing. He said that Luker had friends all along the road, and as they were all cheering Luker on and yelling "Go it, Tommy!" he said that Luker kept up a series of sprints all along the road, so that he had all he wanted to follow on behind.

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losing the place and prize only by inches.

The men came over the tape in pairs and singly without incident until Hywater, the first scratch man to appear, came in sight. He finished thirteenth.

Lawver, who had ridden so strongly at the start, was anxiously looked for, and the cause of his non-appearance was partly explained when he came in behind the sixteenth man with one pedal gone. He had a splendid chance of winning one of the time prizes, if not the first, when his pedal came off one mile from the finish, and he snatched an old, antiquated bike from a bystander when he met with his accident, but the saddle was loose and he was forced to abandon it and remount his old wheel. He lost fully one minute by the operation, and was obliged to ride the last mile with one foot, and even then finished seventeenth and made seventh best time.

BITES LOST TWICE

Easy Marks For the Railroad Players.

POOK GAMES OF BALL

LOCALS WON FIRST 12 TO 10, AND SECOND 22 TO 6.

Morning Contest at Fort Douglas Draws 250 Spectators, While Nearly a Thousand Saw the Afternoon Match on the New Legion Grounds.

The Butte nine came down from Ogden yesterday morning and played their second game with the Short Line. The Fort Douglas park was the scene of the contest, which began at 10:40, and the Short Lines succeeded in placing another defeat on the shoulders of the already heavily burdened visitors from the north.

The score was a close one, 12-10, but the runs were plainly not so few that any particular credit should be for the game, however, was not so bad, after all, there having been one or two this season which were just a little bit worse, and the 250 spectators seemed to enjoy themselves.

Both nines sprang new pitchers yesterday, Flannery appearing for the Buttes and McFarlane representing the Short Lines. They were about a stand-off, each being jumped upon for nine hits, which is a "heap plenty" for a seven innings game.

Rally in the Sixth.

In the sixth the Buttes went at "Sandy" in good style for three straight and a double and there was a large evidence of trembled hearts from the Short Line direction. "Sandy" is certainly much better as a third baseman than a pitcher, and equally so it is true that Flannery cuts a much more luminous shine in the field than in the box.

As for the game otherwise, it might be equally observed that the boys played too much like the Ogden nine to make things very interesting. There was some pretty swift playing part of the time and the rest of it was taken up in dillying. The Short Line boys fell down somewhat in the sixth and might have stood a good chance of losing if nine innings had been played.

The second of the Shorts, by heavy hitting, got in five runs after two men had gone out